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OUR DUMB

Animals





Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Asst. Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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Mary Mitchell

AMERICAN women have always been sympathetic toward the lot of the unfortunate, and the humane movement has been most fortunate in having in its midst many illustrious women who took their places alongside of men, and soon occupied important places in humane work.

Sydney H. Coleman in his book "Humane Society Leaders in America," states: "It is safe to say that were the support of the women of America suddenly withdrawn, the large majority of Societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and animals would cease to exist." That statement is as true today, as when it was written in 1924.

Miss Mary Mitchell of St. Louis, Missouri, recently passed away. She belonged to that group of pioneer women like Caroline Earle White, Anna Harris Smith and many, many others who, through trials and tribulations, carried on the fight for kindness, justice and mercy for all living creatures.

Mary Mitchell was prominently identified with humane work in Missouri, and in the nation, for more than fifty years. She gave generously of herself and of her funds, and possessed the courage of her convictions. For many years she carried the whole burden of humane work in her native state. There is not sufficient space in this magazine to list all of her kind acts and deeds. She was a true humanitarian who will be sorely missed by all who knew and loved her, but her great work will be continued through the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund, which she provided for in her will. May her shining example of kindness serve as a beacon for all who labor in behalf of animals.

E. H. H.



Angell Memorial Animal Hospital is open day and night.

Around-the-Clock Service

THE other day a photographer came into our office and, fishing in his brief case, came up with the above picture. He said something like this:

"I was out on an assignment the other night and passing by your Hospital, I thought to myself that conditions were just right and that I could get a good night shot of the building. Here is the result—maybe you can use it."

We could, indeed, and we are particularly glad to make it clear that our Angell Memorial Hospital is open at all times for emergency treatment of animals. For example, each evening from six o'clock until ten there is a clinic with three or four doctors on duty. From ten o'clock through the rest of the night one of these

doctors is on call at all times. Should an emergency operation become necessary, and this is not so infrequent as one might think, this doctor calls on the others in residence for assistance.

Another little-known fact is that nursing schedules are maintained throughout the night. Always on duty at this time is the night kennel man with a number of assistants who carry out these schedules and call for help should an emergency arise in any of the already hospitalized patients.

We recognize that accidents to animals are not confined to daylight hours—so, the lights are never out at the Angell Memorial.

It Happened During the Bar Harbor Fire

DURING the disastrous fire at Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1947, a man ran from his burning home looking frantically for his pet dog, whom he feared was trapped in the house. He called and whistled, but no dog came. Finally, in desperation, he ran into an open field to escape somewhat from the falling cinders and smoke, and covering himself with a tarpaulin, he lay down to wait for his dog.

After some time of waiting in the dense smoke, he saw what he thought

was his dog approaching slowly and somewhat painfully. He was sure the dog had been burned especially in his paws, but as he drew nearer, his master discovered that he was bringing with him a little kitten, and was walking very slowly with the kitten under him, so as to shield her from the fire and cinders.

As it was told to one of the visitors to the island by a native who had witnessed it, they considered it one of the outstanding stories of that tragic event.

—Marian Davis

In Our Mail

RECENTLY in our mail came the following letter from a friend of our Society. It speaks for itself.

"Today we are burying my son's dog. Naturally, we are heartbroken but worse than that we are heartsick with the thoughts that it can and will happen again to some other youngster's best pal. Simply because it is so easy and common for people to be able to buy poison and distribute it at will. To my mind this is shameful.

"It is wrong to be able to license a dog and leave it open to such violence when the poor creatures do not know of the existence of such a deadly thing and, therefore, cannot defend themselves against it.

"Why aren't the sales of poison restricted? Why shouldn't people be obliged to go to the police station within their own district, be identified, state their reason for wanting to purchase poison, and be cautioned as to the safe distribution of it before being allowed to buy it? Maybe cranks would think twice before setting out to do such a horrible thing. That strychnine might have killed a child instead of my son's trusting pet. Why can't we protect everyone from the easy purchase and use of such a deadly, horrible item?

"Yes, she was only a dog, but to us, just as human as any human being and a lot more so than the person who put that strychnine out in such a large quantity as to cause the most horrible, agonizing death of any animal. Is this human? Please, somebody, do something about it! I can't do it alone."

In Appreciation

DR. ROWLEY while deeply appreciative of the most kindly remembrances of his birthday, which he has received from members of the organization, who have remembered him with attractive birthday cards, wishes them to know that he regrets it is impossible for him to send to each his grateful acknowledgment.

MY job is to increase the number of happiness-moments in the lives of all the people with whom I come in contact.

—Frank B. Gilbreth

Baby Sitting Canines

By Dorothy Rickard

WHEN I walked into a Third Avenue, New York, pet shop and was sold for sixty of my dollars to a mite of a beady-eyed, black and tan dachshund, I didn't suspect that she would shortly begin paying dividends as a dependable—and economical—baby-sitter.

For the first year and a half that we had her, "Gloria" was everything a dog should be: An excuse for taking long hikes in the country, the household comedienne, and the curled-up lap companion of our more relaxed moments.

Then Roger arrived!

"You'll have to get rid of the dogs (we had two dachshunds by then)," our friends told us. "Especially that Gloria. She has such a jealous nature."

"No," we would reply, chiefly with intent to shock. "They have prior rights in the family. If anyone has to go, it will have to be the little man."

The night we brought Roger home from the hospital settled the argument once and for all time. Gloria's interest in and concern for the tiny, red fumbler in the bundle of blankets knew no bounds. Although she has long been an early-to-bed and late-to-rise girl, not to be driven from her rest even for a late evening walk, she ran several checks to Roger's crib-side during that first night, standing up to peer tenderly in at him with all the interest of budding motherhood.

At four o'clock in the morning he tuned up for his bottle. Gloria was beside him like a black flash. Then she was at my bedside tugging frantically at the covers until I got up to heat his bottle.

From then on she was his constant



The two dachshunds stand guard over their young charge.

companion. No stranger could approach his carriage without hearing Gloria's threatening barks. Another step would incur her menacing growls. No one ever came closer without first inquiring, "Will she bite?" They seemed relieved when they finally saw Gloria secure in our arms.

When Roger was in the play-pen stage it was his baby-like delight, as with all youngsters of his age, to hurl his toys out of the play pen onto the floor. We always believed that he was intrigued with the noise they made when they thumped, rattled or clattered on the rug. But no matter how much his joy in this exercising and diverting pastime, it apparently couldn't begin to approach the joy that Gloria got in returning each toy as it fell until they were all tucked tidily between the play-pen bars within easy reach of her young charge. Then the fun started all over again.

It was that first summer, too, that we discovered how helpful a pair of dogs can be in escort service. They loved to walk along beside the carriage and took huge delight in warding off unwelcome demonstrations on the part of other animals and even strange humans who might wish to stop and admire Roger's gurgling and cooing. They would growl menacingly until I would speak reassuringly to them.

Gloria, especially, would stand guard over carriage or stroller and whenever any problem arose which proved to be too large for her to handle, such as a sudden rain storm, she would yip a few short "Help! Help's!" which would signal me to Roger's rescue.

When we discovered that Gloria would take her baby-sitting responsibilities seriously we put her on a stipend of a penny an hour. This money is dropped into a home penny bank for her. When that bank is filled we take its contents to the local bank, where it is put into an account held in her name. To date she has sat for an average of more than an hour a day, as is evidenced by her bank account.

The savings account was opened with the intent of having Gloria buy her own food, collars, leashes, licenses, and identification tags. However, owing to good-hearted human "parents" and "grandparents," all of her needs have been anticipated and her bank account has continued to grow.

Gloria is supreme authority in Roger's young life. Her barks and body blocks have come to mean the ultimate in resistance to him. Whereas he has discovered that the "No-no's" of his parents can be changed by tantrums or tears, Gloria, alone, means steadfast force for what she considers right for "her baby."

Journey With "Tipperary"

By Bertha Wilcox Smith

Of all our many journeys with Tipperary, Irish Setter, the most memorable extended from Pennsylvania to the Golden Gate. Although Tip was ten that summer, his exuberance of spirit was such that strangers often took him to be but five or six. His presence led to many an interesting contact and experience which enrich the memory of our trip together. We traveled in a coupe that had a wide space behind the seat. This made an excellent repository for luggage and a canine passenger. Locker, suitcases, and duffle bags filled the floor space, making a level surface on the top of which a bag, packed with soft things, became a resting place for Tip. An unmistakable crackling sound gave warning, now and then, that a broad-brimmed straw hat had slipped back into his domain, and that Tip had edged over upon its cool and slitherly surface. Fortunately, it was an exuberant hat, always rebounding into contours that at least resembled its intended shape.

When we entered a hotel at nightfall, Tip's routine was always the same. He made an impressive entrance, with so confident an air of expecting to be treated like the gentleman he was, that no room clerk could deny him admission. He would proceed purposefully with us to the elevator and along the corridors to our room. Inside the room, he immediately investigated his chosen refuge—the floor space beneath the bed. Frog-like, he would flatten himself, crawl under the side and survey the premises, emerge long enough to dine and to drink long and thirstily, then seek seclusion in his realm beneath the bed slats. On many a hot night we tried to dissuade Tip from stifling himself in those cramped quarters, and to indicate the advantages of the wide, open spaces surrounding the bed, but he seemed to be of the opinion that if one may not sleep *upon* a bed, the only desirable alternative is to sleep beneath it.

He was a patient traveler, taking, without complaint, whatever of monotony or delay the day might bring. We stopped frequently as time permitted to allow him to stretch his legs upon a hillside or a prairie, or to cool his feet in a brook. Once he saw a wild duck alight upon the surface of a pond; he alighted, with a flying leap, where the duck had been, only to see it rising, with a scream, into the blue.

Tense with interest, Tip watched the changing scene upon the prairie. At the sight of beautiful horses, roaming the ranges, he would utter little cries of excitement; he gazed in wonder at a solitary bison; sheep, in grayish clumps, were another unfamiliar and exhilarating sight. When given a run in the sage brush, he was beside himself with excitement, nose first in the air, then to the ground. Sage brush scents were out of his known world.

In addition to enjoying Tipperary's concentrated and intelligent interest in sights and events, we enjoyed the human contacts that he brought to us. Every one admires his burnished red coat and his proud bearing. A little newsboy pressed close to the window of the car to reach in and touch him, and to ask numerous questions, ending with the query,

"Is it a male or female?"

"A male," I replied.

"Oh," he said, brightly, "and has he had a family yet?"

Indians Know Animals

By Louise J. Walker

LONG, long ago there lived a very old man named "Notwaysey." He lived all alone and very close to nature. He liked to study the wild animals and learned their secrets. As Notwaysey stood silent in the forest, the animals would appear here and there. The squirrel, the raccoon, the porcupine, and the weasel, glided up the trees and circled around through the branches. They kept up a continual flow of gossip and chatter. They often eyed Notwaysey sharply as they went on their way. At other times, they looked doubtfully at him to see whether he was growing on the tree, for Notwaysey was always very quiet.

Often, when he listened, he heard the owl and owlet talking and scolding each other. He learned the names of all the birds. He knew how they build their nests in summer and where they hid themselves in winter. He found out where the squirrels hid their acorns. Hidden in the bushes, Notwaysey often waited until he saw two antlers lifted and two eyes peering from the bushes. Then, he knew a deer was making its way to the river to drink. He watched the beavers build their lodges. Often he talked with the rabbits. He noticed how the squirrels balanced themselves with their bushy tails. Gradually the animals realized that Notwaysey was their friend. They trusted him and told him many real secrets.

Notwaysey told the neighbors' children the stories that he heard from his animal friends. Then he showed these children how they might know the animals, too. These boys and girls told their children. Each generation told the next one. This is the reason that Indians understand animals and their habits so well.

—Indian Legend



"Maybe so, but nobody's calling me a bald eagle!"

SONNY BOY, the dog who talks like a human, may never hold his own in a Senate filibuster, but he has the floor in some circles and those who have chatted with him invariably title him a great conversationalist.

The two-year-old Boston Bull never barks; instead he talks. He started at four months of age, when at the breakfast table he pronounced the word "now," in an impatient tone of voice as though he meant to expedite service and let his owners, Mr. and Mrs. V. W. Vrinders, know he, too, was hungry.

The Vrinders, of course, thought it coincidental that the noise Sonny Boy made sounded like "now," but from then on each time a bit of food was offered, the dog promptly said, "now."

That was the morning Sonny Boy started to school. He was coaxed and bribed into asking for his routine needs and was soon tutored into using words in short sentences.

Sonny Boy's masters decided against discussing the phenomenon outside of the family and went on schooling their protegee. One day Mrs. Vrinders answered the front door bell and saw her next door neighbor standing there.

"You won't believe this," he said, "but I just heard your dog talking! When I heard a voice calling 'Mama' I thought my youngster had gone into your yard. I looked over the fence and there was your dog at the back door and then he said, 'Mama!' 'I want in, Mama!' I'll swear he did."

"I know," smiled Mrs. Vrinders, "Sonny Boy always asks to be let in, and out, and he answers the telephone, too."

The neighbor backed off the porch and said something about having to get back home—and the secret was out. From then on, people from all over Reno, Nevada, Sonny Boy's home town, came calling.

Since his debut, Sonny Boy has appeared before service clubs and made school appearances. He has given benefits and is a regular visitor in hospitals and institutions. He, also, has been on radio.

And, now, this remarkable dog has been to Hollywood and on a television show, where he *fluffed* his first break on the big time. When Herbert O. Wegner invited Sonny Boy to appear on the "Man's Best Friend" television show it looked like the big break and he was soon on his way to Hollywood. Rehearsals were routine with a lot of conversation, but when the big night came, Sonny just wouldn't talk.

Most newspapermen are sent out on a talking dog story at least once during their careers and some often enough to become authorities. As a rule, "talking dogs" aided by their ambitious masters give out a bark, a growl or a howl requiring a stretch of the imagination to make it sound like talking. Not so with Sonny Boy, however. He talks right up with clear enunciation and his talk makes sense.

These facts remain. Sonny Boy talked during the interview. When he wanted out he said, "out." He then waited and tried again. "Want out." Then, "I want out." He tries hard and really works at talking. He seems to avoid "I" as though it were difficult and when he does use it he gives it the broad accent. He does not talk without reason, parrot-like, repeating memorized lines. He speaks when asked a question, when making a statement and when he wants something.

His enunciation and tone make his voice so nearly human that it blends into conversation, which brings up an interesting point. The Vrinders have been suspected of being ventriloquists. They both said they were flattered at the suggestion, but neither has any Edgar Bergen talents, although voice

Dog of Few Words

by Robert C. Wilton



throwing would surely have saved the situation on that recent T.V. show.

During my interview with the Vrinders, Sonny Boy distinctly said, "Hello; I want out; I want in; I want to go; Amen; I want my Mama; I want now; I want yummies—and answered the telephone when it rang. He spoke in a clear understandable voice.

Publishers, clergymen, doctors, educators and dog trainers have all listened to Sonny talk and have all been convinced. E. V. Durling wrote in his column, "On the Side," that Sonny Boy said, "I want out."

Herbert O. Wegner of the "Man's Best Friend" show has trained dogs for thirty years and said, "This is the first time I have heard a dog talk. This Sonny Boy talked on rehearsals for the show." He said he felt he would have Sonny using fifty or sixty words after a year's training.

Sonny Boy sleeps flat on his back, is afraid of the dark and has talked to thousands of people, has gone back to Reno after flunking the T.V. test, but I'm sure he plans to get used to microphones and other dogs.

Just before the Vrinders left they were asked for a second try on the television show. The answer was like three voices saying, "No."—and then, "Not now." (That last sounded like Sonny).



Shep watching for his charge.

MY husband and I were at our wits' end as to how we could meet the last payment immediately due on our farm, and replace the completely worn out kitchen stove.

"Mr. Calvin, who has always admired 'Shep', says we can have our pick of the ranges in his hardware store in exchange for our big pup," Rob offered, his brow heavy, a hurt look in his eyes.

"No! No!" I protested. Then suggested as a solution to our problem:

"Robin is toddling now, and with Shep to play with him I can spare our maid. Let Shep mind the baby and put her

Worth His Salt.

... By Elizabeth Holladay

wages on the stove. The installment plan won't cost us as dearly as giving up Shep."

The new range roused my zeal for canning. All one long summer afternoon the bubble of the preserving kettle and the gurgle of Robin's laughter as he played on the lawn with Shep made music in my ears. The two sounds became so merged that I was not mindful when one, the baby's voice, subsided.

The sinking sun made me realize that Robin must be bathed and fed.

The preserves were pushed back and I hurried into the yard where, naturally, I expected to find my baby boy. He was nowhere within sight or hearing.

Then I surmised that the little fellow had come back into the house and was cuddled down to sleep somewhere. Into every room I searched, calling all the time. No baby could I see or hear.

My heart thumping, I widened my search all over the yard. Into and under every barn. Behind plunder piles. Calling and sobbing as I went. "Robin! Where's mother's baby? Rob-in!"

Then Rob was beside me saying, "Hold a steady nerve, dear, we'll find him." But his tone belied his words. And his face was white as chalk.

It was now twilight. A new moon hung in the west. One star came out.

"The well," I murmured. "Let's go together to the old well."

Just when Shep appeared on the panic-stricken scene I did not know. In a subconscious way I had, for a good while, realized he was trudging at my heels, whining, pleading with his eyes. "But I can't find your pal for you," was my thought. When we started to the well Shep fastened his teeth in Rob's pants and set back. Then, into my terror-stricken brain burst a light. I stopped stock still.

"Rob! Follow the dog. He knows where the baby is!"

"Lead off, old boy," Rob said brokenly. "Show me where Robin has hidden."

Shep dashed back across the yard. Then down the road a short distance to where a path zigzagged across a small field. On and on he charged till he came to a clump of small pines where the maid had frequently taken the dog and baby on warm afternoons. When Shep reached the pine thicket he set up a joyous howl.

I had been following as fast as I could. Rob called back to me, "Here he is on a bed of pinestraw fast asleep."

Shep had followed the little outdoorsman and stayed with him until he went to sleep. Realizing it was out of his power to bring him home he had come to bring me. In truth, it was I, not Shep, who had been dumb. No financial pinch could ever cause us to consider selling Shep, now.

Just a Yellow Dog!

... By Jerry Church

MEN have often wondered how and why it is that dogs sometimes seem to know things for which there is no normal explanation of their knowing. For example, how did a yellow mongrel, the pet of a railroad engineer, know that the rod on the right side of the locomotive was going to break? But, somehow he did, and he pulled the engineer to safety just in time to save his life.

It happened several years ago, when Jerry Phalen was piloting trains for the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad. Phalen's pet had become a genuine "raildog," and "Dick," the mongrel, was accustomed to ride in the cab of his master's locomotive on his runs. It was on one of these trips that the incident of the broken rod occurred.

Phalen had fixed up a comfortable

bed for his dog on the left side of the locomotive cabin, while he operated the controls seated at the right side. On this particular trip, master and dog were occupying their usual places as the train galloped over the rails, eating up the miles of Missouri countryside.

But, this time, kind words were not enough to satisfy the persistent dog. He continued tugging away at Phalen's trousers more frantically than before. Finally, the engineer decided that probably something was wrong with his pet's bed which needed fixing. He stepped down from his perch momentarily and crossed to the left side of the cab to investigate.

Then it happened. With a thunderous report, the rod on the right side of the locomotive snapped. There was a

tremendous rending, screeching noise as the broken rod whirled around like a gigantic, destructive monster's arm. The right side of the locomotive cabin, where Phalen ordinarily sat, was cleaved through, part of the cabin itself completely cut away by the rod. Jerry Phalen had stepped away to investigate his dog's bed not a second too soon!

On the left side of the cab, Phalen was unharmed, though shaken. He managed to bring the locomotive to a stop. He disconnected the broken rod and then, proceeding with the power supplied by the left side of the locomotive, he continued operating the train to the village of Frederickstown, Mo.

After that, of course, nothing was too good for Jerry Phalen's yellow mongrel dog, Dick.



Anne Cline, the Newsie, calls "Extra! Extra! Read all about it! The Kindness Train! Paper! Paper! Morning paper!"

"Kindness Train"

A good idea and how it grew

By Grace E. Wagner

Photographs by Jonel Jeffery and Jerry Newcomb

THE September 1948 issue of *Our Dumb Animals* had been placed on the window-ledge of the third grade room, with the hope that some investigative child might catch an idea for a creative play, into which these animal-loving children could weave their own experiences. And so it happened! The fun began the day that the group, in a huddle around the reading table, read the advertisement "Stop! Look! Listen!" on the back of the magazine *Our Dumb Animals*. Simultaneously, the idea of building a "Kindness Train" emerged!

These eight and nine-year-olds are eager children. They are growing away from the fairy tale play of their earlier childhood, and are beginning to associate themselves with affairs of the community and of the country. They are ready to try anything; so, they decided to construct a "Kindness Train" on the long blackboard space at the end of Study Hall. At first, it seemed that they were attempting more than they could do, but they asked for help, and once the imagination was rightly channeled, the children led the way through an enjoyable learning experience.

Little adults they were, measuring, designing, painting, and pasting. They searched for pictures of animals to place at the train windows, because their own drawings didn't look real to them. They worked, conversed, and laughed, with a purpose, entirely unaware that someone was listening and writing some of the things they said to each other. It was clear that these children were beginning

to understand truth and honesty. As a result of Humane Education they had always shown sympathy and loyalty toward animal friends; now they were feeling it for each other. The "Kindness Train" activity was helping to develop the standards that build character.

When the train was completed to their satisfaction, the children sat down to evaluate their work. They knew it had been full of meaning; they understood that they had put their basic skills to use; they had used a map to chart the course of the train across the country. But, best of all, they enjoyed the surprise of hearing their conversations returned to them—they had inadvertently woven the thread of a good story! Day by day the dramatic play developed; there was no set memorization of lines; the children were free to say it and act it the way they wanted to; and it was different almost every day. The third graders thought of "a good part" for the second graders. They wanted to share their experiences with them. So, three weeks after the discovery of *Our Dumb Animals* on the window ledge, "The Kindness Train" was charmingly presented to the Lower School Assembly with mothers, grandmothers, little brothers and sisters, one father and several friends, as guests. Everyone had a wonderful time!

There is no subject more significant to children of all ages than that of animal friends. Unquestionably, any activity that grows from this source is unlimited in educational possibilities. Here at the



Ready to take the train are (left to right) seated: Barbara Vaughan, Martha Hutchinson, Molly Witherow, Susan Wolfe, Chrisie Hoffman, Tina Totman. Standing: Lynne Voelpe, Jennifer Chinlund, Judith Getty, Lynn Cline, Rachel Knake.



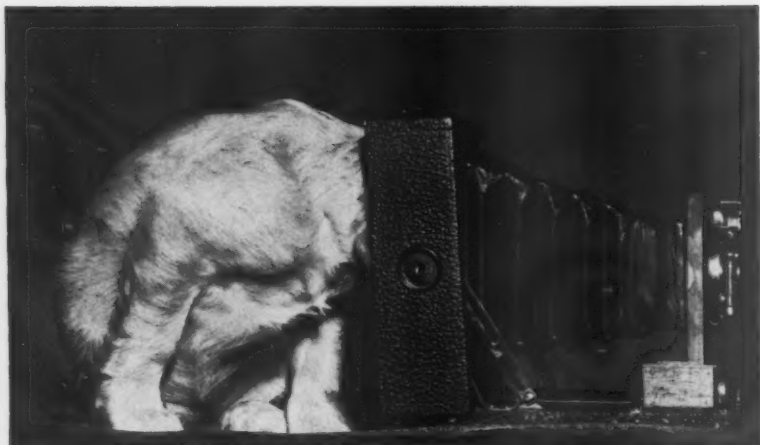
In line at ticket window (left to right): Lynne Voelpe, Martha Hutchinson, Molly Witherow, Barbara Vaughan, Rachel Knake, Susan Wolfe, Tina Totman, Chrisie Hoffman, Ticket Agent Mimi Brainard, Carolyn Clark, Conductor.



Reading all about it are (left to right): Rachel Knake, Jennifer Chinlund, Lynne Voelpe, Lynn Cline, Judith Getty.

Winchester-Thurston School, Pittsburgh, Pa., through the circulation of humane literature, we are becoming more aware than ever of our indebtedness to the animal kingdom; and the eight and nine-year-olds who created our "Kindness Train," heartily agree with the editor of *Our Dumb Animals*—they would like to share their play with children everywhere.

Editor's note: We thought so highly of the play written by these children, that our American Humane Education Society plans to publish it in leaflet form.



WHAT'S
ON
THIS
END

Photo by
J. Barras Walker

CUTE AS TWO BUTTONS

Photo by Fred M. Bennett



WAITING FOR DAD

Photo by Mrs. Ralph Sederquist



COME ON, LET'S PLAY

Photo by Jerry J. Zavadil



Gala

WINNING CO

*First Prize—\$25—J. Barras Walker

Second Prize—\$15—Georgia Engelhard

Third Prize—\$5—Archie G.

Three Dollars Each

Marian E. Hazelton, Plainfield, N. J.
Fred M. Bennett, Newport, R. I.
Leroy Steinkamp, Venedy, Ill.
Arthur L. Schoeni, Falls Church, Va.
Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.
Bruce McLean, Jr., Everett, Mass.
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
Norman G. Britt, South Norwalk, Conn.
Marge Baldwin, Trenton, N. J.
Henry Weber, Jr., Los Angeles, Calif.

Two Dollars Each

Fred M. Bennett, Newport, R. I.
Jerry J. Zavadil, Baltimore, Md.
Margaret C. Knott, Barnstable, Mass.
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
O. S. Bennett, Kensington, Conn.

* See cover for first prize



"WE BOTH HAVE FRECKLES"

Slaxy

OF ANIMALS

CONTESTANTS

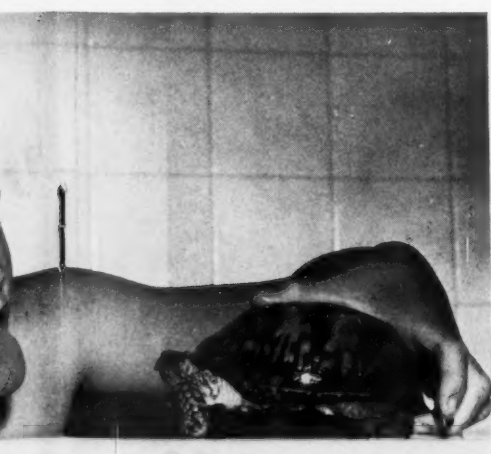
J. Barras Walker, Nanaimo, B. C. Canada
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
Rachie Griffiths, Woking, England

Louis A. Puggard, Detroit, Mich.
Kathleen E. Cochran, Prosser, Wash.
Marge Baldwin, Trenton, N. J.
J. Barras Walker, Nanaimo, B. C. Canada
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.

Subscriptions to OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Kathleen E. Cochran, Prosser, Wash.
J. B. Guss, Denver, Colo.
Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.
Bob Cantelon, Camrose, Alberta, Canada
Mrs. Ralph Sederquist, Waltham, Mass.
Harry M. Line, Bridgeport, Conn.
Richard S. Kendall, Templeton, Mass.
Marge Baldwin, Trenton, N. J.
H. E. Berry, Wellesley, Mass.
Arthur L. Schoeni, Falls Church, Va.

first prize winning photo.



LES"

Photo by Arthur L. Schoeni

HE
CAME
TO
CALL

Photo by
Harry M. Line



IT'S IN THE BAG

Photo by Kathleen E. Cochran



ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE SAFE NOW

Photo by O. S. Bennett



REFLECTION IN WHITE

Photo by H. E. Berry

"The Horse Knows The Way"

By Freeman H. Hubbard

SOMETIMES a horse's instinct is a truer guide than a man's intelligence. One December afternoon in 1912 I was riding in an old-fashioned sledge with a Canadian farmer across the bleak Saskatchewan prairie. A blizzard and night set in suddenly, blotting out all landmarks. We were lost! But the farmer said: "Don't worry, sonny! Daisy can find her way back."

For hours that piebald mare fought the blinding snow and wind and darkness and did not stop till the lights of home shone on her beautiful snow-covered head. I hate to think what might have happened that night if, instead of Daisy, we had been driving an automobile. The incident gave a personal meaning to three lines of an old Thanksgiving poem that children love:

The horse knows the way

To carry the sleigh

Through the white and drifted snow.

A cartoonist friend of mine, "Zim" (the late Eugene Zimmerman), told me in his own quaint language the true story of a horse he had known.

"When I was a boy," he recalled, "I worked for a huckster named Bill Marshall and boarded at his home in Totowa, N. J. I used to drive his horse, 'Bucephalus' which was named for the famous charger of Alexander the Great. In time the poor hard-working beast became so old and decrepit that Mr. Marshall finally told me to get rid of him. That order made me unhappy, for I liked Bucephalus very much.

"So I mounted his back and, like a funeral cortege, proceeded slowly up the dusty road. No historic pageant was more impressive in its simplicity than the passing of this once noble beast to his ultimate resting place.

"The spot designated for this ignominious climax to a useful life was finally reached. Crows fluttered overhead. Their caws served as a requiem. I climbed down from my burlapped elevation on the horse's back. Then I removed the steed's bridle, the last vestige of his lowly but honorable calling. I patted his head an affectionate farewell and left him alone with his misery. After a lonely walk back to Mr. Marshall's house, I cried myself to sleep."

"Early next morning, my boss awoke me with these words: 'Young man, I thought I told you to turn the nag out.

"He led me to the barn. There the veteran Bucephalus was standing in his accustomed stall, grining at us, seemingly as full of pep as in former days. I almost wept with joy. His innards well stocked with delicious shrubs and wildflowers, Bucephalus acted like a child back from a day's outing—a treat he'd never had before. The change made a new horse of him. My boss was so pleased that he kept the faithful critter the rest of its life—and treated it well, too."

Another incident that comes to mind is far from humorous. Out in the Texas badlands, a party of eleven bronzed men, surveying a seventy-mile route for the Texas & Pacific Railway from Mustang to Sand Hills, used up all of their precious water supply. They stopped work and sought desperately for a pond which they had been told was located nearby. With parched throats and cracked lips, they searched in vain.

The resident engineer in charge of construction, W. S. Warren, said to his men: "No use trying any longer to find that pond, if there ever was one. The nearest water we can be sure of is the Pecos River, thirty miles west. If we ride the strongest horses and turn the others loose, maybe we can make it to that place."

With these words he tightened his saddle cinches in readiness to start on the long ride for water on which the lives of all depended.

The trek was a saga of rail history. One man, bitten by a rattlesnake, died in the sagebrush. Finally, Warren and five others reached the bank of the muddy river.

The six men filled their canteens and rode back to those who had fallen on the trail. All four were pretty far gone, but the water revived them. Later, the railroad surveyors returned to the place where they had been working. They were amazed to find the pond only three miles away—and around its swampy rim the horses they had turned loose were grazing contentedly in the lush green grass!

"Can you beat that?" Warren asked hoarsely. "If we'd have had sense enough to follow those horses we could have saved a man's life and prevented a lot of trouble for us all."

Yes, "the horse knows the way."

When Cats Went to Court

THERE was a time when cats were aristocrats by imperial decree, who outranked many persons, and even had special court attendants appointed for them.

This strange state of affairs existed about a thousand years ago when cats first came to Japan on ships from Korea. Some of them were presented to the royal court where they were prized for their novelty and rarity. Here, they became great favorites, especially with the ladies.

Their presence at court, however, raised a problem, because no person could be admitted there unless he possessed a rank of at least fifth grade. To solve this dilemma, cats were given an official rank of fifth grade and became the only pets at court.

—Mrs. L. E. Hoover

Backyard Guessing Contest

YOUNGSTERS and grown-ups alike find that it's fun to try to guess who will get the peanuts.

They like to watch while "Tuck," the squirrel, runs down the tree when he sees someone at the back door ready to throw some peanuts for his lunch.

But "Nip," the bluejay, is on the lookout in that bush, right next to Tuck. Nip, too, likes peanuts, and he knows how to swoop down and get them right from under Tuck's nose.

Who will get the peanuts? First come, first served! Will it be Nip or Tuck?

—Anna M. Dautun



No Place Like Home

By Jack M. Swartout

NOT so long ago the newspapers carried a little story about a man in Arizona, Mr. Seymour Ryan, and his cat, "Skipper." It seems that Mr. Ryan moved from Tucson to Phoenix, taking his pet with him. Skipper, however, could not accustom himself to his new surroundings, and so one day he disappeared. Some weeks later Mr. Ryan discovered that the cat had returned to his old home in Tucson. Skipper, apparently, had walked 125 miles over some of the most barren desert country in the United States. Mr. Ryan took his cat back to Phoenix with him, but again he disappeared, turning up as before in Tucson.

Some time later, there appeared another story in the papers about another cat that performed a similar traveling feat. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Briddon, Jr., of Rochester, New York, went for a stroll one evening and took their cat, "Belgique," with them. The cat, for some reason or other, became separated from her owners and walked all the way to Culver, Indiana, before she stopped—a distance of 550 miles. Six weeks later, footsore and starved to half her normal weight, she returned to her home in Rochester.

For still another example of feline mobility, consider the case of "Yellow Jack," a big yellow tom who had originally belonged to Mr. McCullen of Benton Harbor, Michigan, but who, about three years ago, had been given to a Mrs. Clemmons of Hayti, Missouri. Yellow Jack was apparently well satisfied with life until last Fourth of July, when Mr. McCullen paid Mrs. Clemmons a visit. At this time, he redeemed his former pet bringing him back to his original Michigan home. Within three hours after he had been returned, however, Yellow Jack disappeared. One hundred and twenty days later—one hundred and twenty days during which he had covered at least 600 miles—he was found scratching on the door of his favored Missouri home.

These three stories—and no doubt many others of a similar nature could be cited—not only illustrate the remarkable stamina and sense of direction possessed by cats, but they also show the home-loving character of these fascinating animals.



Mrs. Ripley greets a new day by poking her head out of the two and a half inch opening in the bird house nursery.

"Mrs. Ripley's" Nursery

By Peter Bielak

NO one in the northwestern part of Rawlins, Wyoming, paid much attention to "Mrs. Ripley," a black part-Persian cat, until she disappeared.

Mr. and Mrs. Art J. Ferry, of that city, whose home Mrs. Ripley often visits, were particularly puzzled and apprehensive for they knew the feline was soon to be a mother again.

Early one Saturday morning Mr. Ferry found a tiny kitten dead at the foot of the garage door in the rear of his home. His curiosity aroused, he tried to find the rest of the litter. Looking up from the spot where he had found the dead kitten, Mr. Ferry spied a bird house he had erected a few years ago under the crest of the garage roof eaves.

From a ladder he peered into the bird house, located fifteen feet above the ground. Inside, he found three tiny black kittens, their eyes still closed.

He surmised that one of the kittens must have crawled out of the bird house

and fallen to its death. To prevent a re-occurrence of the mishap, he built a small wire fence around the feeding board under the bird house.

Although it certainly happened, Mr. Ferry still wonders how Mrs. Ripley could have climbed through the bird house opening, which is only two and one-half inches wide.

But tragedy was destined to strike the Mrs. Ripley household again. About a week after his discovery, Mr. Ferry found one of the three remaining black kittens missing. He came to believe that some marauding animal had discovered Mrs. Ripley's aerial abode and taken the missing kitten away.

Dismayed by the thievery, he took down the bird house and housed the two-week-old kittens in a basket placed safely in his garage.

Mrs. Ripley, taking her sudden popularity in stride, approved the removal, Mr. Ferry reported.



Kentucky Pioneers Again

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

FROM the days when LaSalle passed down the Ohio and Daniel Boone became attracted to its beautiful country, Kentucky, known as the "Blue Grass State," has been a pioneer. It was the first state to be admitted into the Union, west of the Alleghenies. It is also the first state to have its "Bands of Mercy" incorporated under the American Humane Education Society of Boston. How this came about provides an interesting story and proves the influence that little events have on the lives of children. When Mrs. E. R. Henderson, whose husband is President of the American Medical Association, was five years old she became a member of a Band of Mercy. A few years later she went to Chicago to enter a nurses' training course. Mrs. Henderson vaguely remembers how long she was a member of the Band of Mercy or what really happened at its meetings, but of this she is certain; its influence for kindness definitely left its mark, and in seeing stray and abused animals she was constantly concerned and worried about them. Subsequently, she went to a hospital in Louisville as a nurse. There, as in so many communities, the city maintained a "pound." Unfortunately, it was one that no one could be proud of. Something had to be done, and, led by Miss Caroline Verhoff, a prominent citizen, a group of women persuaded the city officials that they be given control of the pound. One of the first to join this group and offer her services was the former nurse from the hospital, Mrs. Elmer Henderson, and she was made Chairman of that pound. There was so much to be done to provide clean and comfortable quarters for abandoned and stray creatures. The abuse of horses and mules disturbed so many

people, and they felt it very keenly. Too many families thought of puppies and kittens as playthings, with no thought of care or kind treatment. Poor, mangy, sick, crippled and bad dispositioned dogs, made so by thoughtless and cruel people, could not be placed and had to be put to sleep. Each year Mrs. Henderson continued as Chairman, and hardly a day passed but what she was at the pound. At times she became discouraged amid a feeling of hopelessness at the attitude of grown people in their relationship with animals. One day a man almost beat a horse to death. Going to court, Mrs. Henderson pleaded for justice and the man was fined, and "Tom" was given into her possession. The newspapers gave much space to the story, and with skillful care "Tom" recovered and was retired in comfort to a pleasant farm. When the children in the class of Mrs. M. D. Mundy of the Louisville School wanted to help "Tom" and sent a contribution, Mrs. Henderson had an idea. Why not teach humane attitude in the schools? Mrs. Mundy, always sympathetic and concerned for the welfare of others, with the approval of the Superintendent of Schools, was glad to co-operate. It was agreed that teaching Humane Education concerns itself not only with animals that need care and protection but is in keeping with the character development of girls and boys.

That was the beginning of the Kentucky Band of Mercy, which today is part of the school program. Eighteen hundred Louisville and Frankfort school children in thirteen schools elect their own officers, conduct their own meetings according to parliamentary law, with a teacher advisor. The primary purpose of these weekly meetings is to emphasize

kind treatment of all animals and a recognition of their "rights." Members of the "Band of Mercy" are chosen to prepare accurate information on the care and feeding of domestic animals, to lead in discussion of the proper training of their pets and what should be done with stray animals, and how they can best co-operate with the services of the local shelter and humane society. Nor are the other members passive listeners, but participate in the preparation of programs to which other children are invited. Successful dramatization of animal stories and original plays are effective in instilling the ideals of humane treatment of animals to those who are neglectful in the treatment of their pets. These interests carry over to a greater understanding and appreciation of the characteristics, habits and habitats of creatures of the wild which tend to develop a feeling of responsibility for their protection. In March of this year a news-letter was published with stories and poems and work accomplished, which attracted wide attention. Miss Lorna Martin, as Secretary and Treasurer of the Kentucky Bands of Mercy, although actively engaged in business, has given much of her time in securing publicity and the support of interested citizens. Mr. Tom Wallace, Editor of the *Louisville Times*, has written splendid articles in behalf of all mistreated animals and of the activities of the Bands of Mercy. Mrs. Henderson well knows that for the successful continuation of the Kentucky Bands of Mercy it must always have active and able leadership. That is why it became affiliated with the A. H. E. S., and plans are underway for the raising of funds and the employment of a paid director of Humane Education in the schools.



Photo by Louisville Times

Shirley Cravens, John Codey, and "Holly,"
Band of Mercy Members.

Millions of Animals

By John C. Macfarlane

Director of Livestock Loss Prevention

ARE we consistent when so many of us give so little thought to the millions of animals that give so much to bring gladness to all of us?

Exclusive of poultry, there are over 200,000,000 farm animals in this country. The value of this tremendous animal population is estimated at close to twenty billion dollars.

We have seen people band together for the purpose of protecting animals in a reform move that had its birth in the hearts of such men as Henry Bergh of New York City, George T. Angell of Massachusetts and many others who carried the humane movement to almost every city and town in America.

Back in the middle of the nineteenth century food animals were handled in anything but a humane manner and, as a direct result of the existence of humane societies, livestock handling practices were improved. And, while the packers themselves were at first far from co-operative, it was these same packers who began to search out better and more humane methods of handling and slaughtering food animals, a search that is still a most important department in every packer's business.

The indifference toward farm animals, that was so common in the last century, is now replaced by scientific farm management, constant search for healthier blood lines, better housing and feeding methods and the agricultural colleges of the nation are bending more and more toward more humane treatment for all farm stock by all farmers.



Dr. J. R. Richard, Director of Livestock Loss Prevention, Chicago, on steps of experimental loading facilities at Chicago stockyards.

This great step forward is a bright spot on our nation's farm record and must continue. It must continue because, with all our improved thinking, we are losing millions of pounds of meat every year because of human carelessness.

If all of the meat that was lost last year, due to rough handling, overcrowding and all other causes, were to be loaded into refrigerator cars, the fully loaded train would stretch out 63 miles!

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. has opened a Livestock Loss Prevention Department, closely affiliated with the National Livestock Loss Prevention Board at Chicago. We have a program that should reduce this human carelessness that causes an annual economic loss of \$33,000,000.

Our agricultural colleges can and will do much toward educating the potential farm youth of America in better handling practices, a closer co-operation between the farm and the veterinarian, a keener perception of those things that cause bruises and subsequent meat waste.

The packer, always interested in reducing the percentage of wasted meat due to bruising, is willing to do everything within his power to co-operate with any program that is aimed at more bruise-free meat and more profit.

The farmer, or producer, is interested in such a program because it means more money for his stock and lower insurance rates.

The most important members of the long list of livestock handlers, the "truckers," must be convinced that much of the needless suffering, bruising and crippling of our nation's food animals is their responsibility—their problem, and that they are the only ones who can correct a very unhealthy situation.

About 80 percent of the nation's livestock truckers are well equipped and extremely careful with their living cargoes. The remaining 20 percent are indifferent to the suffering of these important animals. They are careless handlers, have poor equipment, overload, and are guilty of almost every bad handling practice known. The insurance they carry gives them the false feeling



Truck with narrow door makes loading difficult. Use of electric prods was necessary.

that they can do no wrong. What does it matter if a great number of the animals they carry are unnecessarily tortured on the way to market. What if they are knocked down, stepped on and badly bruised? Isn't the insurance they pay for a safeguard against just such eventualities?

After all, if half of the truckload of animals is delivered in such bad condition that the packer has to sell this meat for a reduced price—what of it!

What this relatively small percentage of truckers does not realize is that as their record of losses increases so does the premium on their insurances. This increase is passed on to the producer in the form of higher shipping rates.

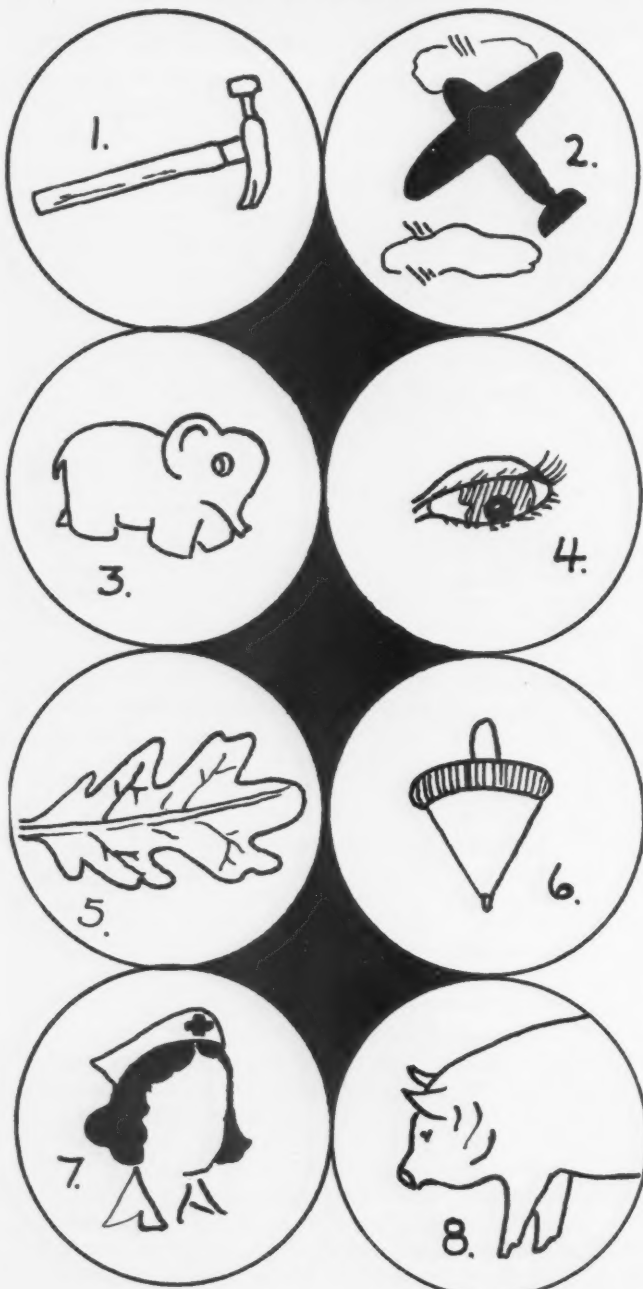
Buyers will always discount livestock so much per hundred weight as a protection against losses that do not show until after the animals are dressed. A truckload of animals with horns automatically means less money to the producer. A truckload of large and small animals delivered without benefit of a partition to protect the light from the heavy means less profit for the producer.

No matter how you look at it, all losses due to bruising and crippling must eventually come from the pocket of the producer. A series of hidden taxes that add up to a sum of money close to \$33,000,000 result.

The Livestock Loss Prevention Department of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. is anxious to reduce unnecessary livestock losses in New England in co-operation with such forces as the National Livestock Loss Prevention Board, the New England Loss Prevention Association, our well equipped agricultural schools, 4-M Clubs, Future Farmers of America, Farm Bureaus, Granges and all others who are, and must be, concerned with the producing, transportation and humane slaughter of our nation's farm animals.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Animal Puzzle



IDENTIFY each of the eight objects in the sketch. Then by taking the *first* letter of each word and re-arranging them, you can spell the name of a well-known animal.

— Violet M. Roberts

Stray Kitten

ONE day a little stray kitten came to my house. He was tired and hungry, so I gave him some milk and a box to sleep in. He stayed at our house. That day my mother decided I could have him for my pet. I named his "Trixie." He was a small white kitten with yellow spots on his back and on his forehead.

— Richard Suleski (Grade 6)

Birds Flying

The birds are flying about the sky;
They light on trees that are close by;
They light on bushes and on our lawn,
And chirp a very merry song.

— Paul Guntert

"Tiggy"

By Florence Charbin (Age 12)

"TIGGY" is just a plain alley cat, found when he was a little kitten. Ever since then he has gotten to be a favorite between me, my friend, Pat Kelly, and her little brother, Butch. We have fun watching him bring us anything rubber to throw, so he can get it again. He must be the only cat that retrieves and we all love him.

Mystery of the Front Door Guest

By Claire Cruickshank

LAST winter, our dog, "Patty," a curly-haired black cocker, was going out to play. At the time we thought nothing of it. About a half hour later there was a scratching on the front door. It was Patty. Of course, the first thing you will say is, why that is nothing. But it is; you see we never let her use our front door, and she knew she was not allowed to. She has never gone to the front door. After several occurrences of this same thing, I began to wonder just why she did it. One day I happened to be looking out of my bedroom window, which is above the back door. I saw Patty come up to the door, back a few times, wait, and seeing no one was coming, go around to the front door. You see, with winter storm doors on, we could not possibly hear her, so she, knowing we would be in the living room, came to the front door.

So two mysteries are solved, one not really being a mystery; that is, animals are very smart.

— Claire Cruickshank

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"You can't hurt me," says two-year-old Stephen Rice of Wauseon, Ohio, as he hugs his bed blanket, which he feels sure will protect him from all harm, and particularly from the bossy cow which is looking at him enquiringly.

A Little Boy's Play

By Marie Z. Jelliffe

A little boy one sunny day
Went out of doors to work and play.
He saw a bird up in a tree,
And in a flower, a honey bee.
His airy kite he sent so high,
It looked into the soft blue sky.
He watched a squirrel climb a tree,
And little bunnies hop in glee.
Then home he ran to tell his folks,
"Outdoors is full of story books."

Answer to "Polar Bear" Crossword Puzzle which appeared in August:

ACROSS: 2. Bear, 4. Re, 5. On, 6. Hut, 7. As, 8. Off, 9. Thaw, 13. Oleo, 14. Cap.

DOWN: 1. Beet, 2. Brush, 3. Roof, 6. Hat, 8. Ow, 10. A. M., 11. Do, 12. Ma.

September 1950

The Baby Fawn

THE trail narrowed and became ever steeper; the foliage arched overhead, forming a canopy which almost shut out the sky and the sunlight, and still our car bumped along on a nearly impassable road, following the man on the bicycle who had promised to lead us to see the baby fawn.

Finally, we came to a clearing and before us was a farmhouse, poorly built and all the surroundings showing that the inmates were not possessed of riches in the usual sense of the word, or even of their fair share of this world's goods, but when Mr. Green began to tell of his finding of the little fawn, we knew that he possessed a love of nature and had a quality of kindness which many times was not found among those more fortunately placed than he.

It seems that one day Mr. Green was tramping through the woods when he came upon a little fawn-colored object with white spots. It was very thin and weak and seemed to be only a few days old. The mother must have been the victim of an accident, or she never would have voluntarily abandoned her baby.

The man carefully lifted the baby in his arms and carried it home, where it was deposited on a bed of sweet smelling hay and fed warm milk from a bottle.

The fawn grew and became very playful, following the family around much as a dog would. In fact, it is just one of the family and sometimes even jumps right into bed with some member of the family. It is free to come and go in the house and outside, and sometimes it strays away for a time, but always returns. It is so tame that the problem will be to protect it from hunters, so a red ribbon bow will adorn its neck during the hunting season and proclaim to all that it is a tame deer.

Mr. Green said he was offered a hundred dollars for the fawn, but as many uses as he might have for the money, he said, "Why, I couldn't part with that little fellow. It would be just like selling one of the family."

—K. H. P.





—Photo by G. Leonard Bushey, Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Photo

The Cow That Made History

By Jasper B. Sinclair

PLACID Bossy is not always the picture of contentment. Once in a while she forsakes her traditional role to earn a place in history.

By all accounts it was a discontented cow that kicked over a lantern in Mrs. O'Leary's barn and started the disastrous Chicago fire on an October morning in 1871. Admittedly, this may be more of a legend than fact, but for all that Mrs. O'Leary's cow is assured a lasting place in this country's annals.

A herd of cows figured in a military stratagem at one time in the long series of wars between the Scots and English. The English-held Dunnotar Castle was surprised and captured in the early evening by the Scots creeping up to the castle walls under cover of a slowly grazing herd of cattle. It happened in the early 14th century, very much after the fashion of the Trojan horse tale.

A few years ago a cow named Elsie had the distinction of being viewed by more persons than any other cow. Elsie toured the country in grand style and

visited everything from state and county fairs to international expositions. This might not be historic, but more Americans saw Elsie than the Liberty Bell, Plymouth Rock and the rest of our patriotic shrines in the same given period.

In Indiana a belligerent bull made the headlines by refusing to allow volunteer firemen to get close enough to extinguish a blazing barn. As a result, the would-be fire-fighters and owner John Young watched helplessly while the barn burned to the ground.

Cows have even added a few place names to the land, all the way from Cow Creek in Kansas to the Cowpasture River in Virginia. The town of Maverick in Texas is a reminder of Western talk for an unbranded motherless calf. The days when the mavericks grazed the unfenced pasture lands are long past, but the town of Maverick still stands as a symbol of that pioneering past—and Western cattle trails that have become the paved motor routes of today.

Sunrise

*In the early dawn I drive
My cattle out to graze;
Veils float on the valley,
On mountain hangs a haze . . .*

By Judy Van Der Veer

*"Rose" and "Buttercup" and "Sal" . . .
I lose them one by one,
They are not my patient cows
But creatures of the sun!*

An Old Friend Departs

THE recent death of William M. Morrill marks yet another milestone in the thinning ranks of those who were pioneers in humane work. Mr. Morrill, who retired from active service in 1947, had been in the employ of our Societies for 38 years before he had to give up his life's work because of ill health.

All of the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* will remember Mr. Morrill as the talented Assistant Editor and writer of many articles concerning humane education and animal protection.

Starting with our Societies in 1909, he was active in the ever-increasing growth of the work in Massachusetts from those early days to the very near present. His outstanding capabilities as an editor were reflected in the advancement of the cause of animal rights and the increase in popularity attained by our publication.

Through his long years of service, Mr. Morrill became well acquainted with every department of our work, particularly with the activities of our investigating officers and in late years had full charge of the annual Horses' Christmas celebration which has become so popular over the years.

We shall ever cherish the remembrance of his cheerful manner, his always ready helpfulness and the many services which he performed so whole-heartedly.

American Fondouk

Fez Morocco

Report for May, 1950

Daily average large animals:	33.5
Daily average dogs:	4.4
Animals put to sleep:	1 (donkey)
Entries:	11 horses, 19 mules, 70 donkeys
Exits:	11 horses, 16 mules, 66 donkeys
Outpatients:	261 horses, 60 mules, 474 donkeys, and 9 dogs
Native Fondouks visited:	742
Animals inspected:	12,495
Animals treated:	795
Animals sent in:	190
Arab bits destroyed:	15
Animals sent by police:	32
Transported to Hospital:	14
GUY DELON Superintendent	



A cow brought to the Fondouk, with her calf carried in a rush basket slung over the donkey's back.

A.P.F.

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TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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 20% discount on orders from 1,000 to 2,000
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